

PLUCKY ACTRESS FOUGHT A BURGLAR.

Miss Minnie Smith's Desperate Single-Handed Struggle in Her Flat.

For Several Minutes She Held the Ruffian, Scratching and Fighting for Life.

Caught in the Bathroom, She Clung to Him Until He Finally Made His Escape.

ROLLED DOWN THE STAIRS TOGETHER

Although Kicked and Struck with His Fists the Brave Young Woman Never Gave Up—Broad Daylight and No Police Near.

Miss Minnie Smith, a handsome young woman, well known in theatrical circles as a delineator of Irish characters, was brutally assaulted at her home, No. 239 West Thirty-ninth street, yesterday morning by a burglar. While she is suffering from severe injuries, she is certain that her assailant is not enjoying the best of health, for she fought valiantly and with no small degree of success.

Miss Smith lives in a handsome flat on the third floor of the large apartment house on Thirty-ninth street, a few doors east of Eighth Avenue. She arose early yesterday morning and her servant being ill, she left her house at about 8 o'clock to do the marketing. It was about half an hour later that she returned, laden with parcels. She noticed that the hall door of her flat was unlocked, but thinking she had neglected to fasten it when she went out, dismissed the matter from her mind. She left her parcels in the kitchen and then went into the hall. How long she remained there she is not certain, but she thinks it was not more than ten minutes.

MEETS THE BURGLAR.
Then she walked through the long hallway of her apartments to the bathroom for the purpose of filling a hot water bag, as she was suffering with a slight toothache. The bathroom door was closed, but unlocked. She had partially opened the door, which swung outward, when it was violently pushed against her, jamming her against the opposite wall. At the same moment a man sprang out. He paused a second, and then, stepping quickly forward, placed both hands about her throat and said, roughly: "Don't you call out or you'll get the worst of it!"

The warning was quite unnecessary, however, for the young actress found it impossible to do more than gasp in his brutal grasp. For fully a minute he held her pinned to the wall, when suddenly took his hands from her throat, heaved her head against the wall, and sprang toward the door leading to the stairway. On her entrance from the street Miss Smith had locked the door, and although the key was in the lock, the man was not sufficiently quick-witted to open it before the plucky young woman was upon him. With one hand she jerked the key from the lock, while with the other she grasped her assailant by the collar.

In reaching for the key she must have unconsciously unbolts the door, as subsequent events showed, but the ruffian did not know it at the time.

FOUGHT LIKE A TIGRESS.
Miss Smith is a muscular as well as a courageous young woman, and, smarting from the bruises on her throat, she determined upon fighting as long as her strength should last. All this time her fight-fingers were fastened about the edges of the man's shirt collar, while with the left she industriously scratched his face.

Just then an unfortunate thing happened for Miss Smith. The burglar was pulling with all his strength to free himself from her grasp. Suddenly his collar buttons gave away and burglar and actress parted. Miss Smith fell upon her back on the floor, and the ruffian staggered against the wall.

Before he could spring upon her, however, she was upon her knees.

"Let me out of here, — you," he said, pausing.

"Sever! Police, police!" shouted Miss Smith, and then the brute kicked her in the side as she knelt on the floor, and followed this by bending over her and dealing her a vicious blow on the left ear. The force of this blow not only knocked her down, but cut open the ear, which bled profusely, staining the gown she wore.

BRAVE TO THE LAST.

A second time the man struck her with his fist as she was attempting to rise.

The burglar ran from her to the hall door, presumably to burst it open and gain his freedom. He had no more than turned from her when she quickly arose, and reaching into her bedroom, grasped at random with a heavy oak handle. The man had gained the door, however, and to his surprise it came open when he turned the knob. He ran into the hall, but Miss Smith managed to grasp the tail of his coat with her left hand, while with the other she industriously wielded her umbrella about his head and shoulders. As she clung to his coat he dragged her toward the stairway. The first step he stumbled, and both rolled down the narrow flight together. Miss Smith held on to his coat and called for help in as loud a voice as her exhausted condition would permit.

Just as the burglar had torn himself from her grasp a young man emerged from a flat on the second floor, and, picking up the plucky young woman, started in pursuit of the fleeing burglar. He overtook him in the lower hall, but the man shook himself free and ran into the street toward Eighth Avenue.

By this time the house was in a tumult. Mrs. Boker, the janitress, ran into Thirty-ninth street and called loudly for the police. None responded, however, and the man, collarless and covered with blood, was last seen running north on the avenue. Then the neighbors took Miss Smith to her apartments, where, like many another brave woman before her, she promptly fainted away.

SHE KEEPS THE COLLAR.

When seen last evening Miss Smith presented a sorry appearance. Her head was swathed in bandages, a big lump could be plainly seen through the blond hair, a plaster hid the cut on her ear, and as she rolled up the sleeves of her gown a numbing ache of ugly lacerations was exposed. She proudly exhibited a trophy of her encounter in the form of a blood-stained linen collar, size "14½."

"I haven't been to the police yet," said Miss Smith, "because I haven't felt like going anywhere. I don't know as I care to, anyhow, for I can't learn that the fellow secured anything but a pretty rough handling. I am proud to say I think I gave him as good as he gave me."

Miss Smith described her assailant as a man about 5 feet 6 inches tall, smooth face and dark-eyed.

He wore somewhat shabby cutaway coat, dark trousers, and she thinks that he was without a cravat. Her injuries, while painful, are not serious.



Miss Minnie Smith, who Fought a Burglar.

She seized a ruffian who was concealed in her flat in West Thirty-ninth street, scratched his face, beat him with an umbrella, and, although knocked down, she clung to him until they rolled down a flight of stairs and he escaped.

DISNEY DENIES KNOWING NORTON.

The Supposed Gold Brick Confederates Meet in Polite Silence.

The Meeting, Arranged by the Police, Was Designed As a Surprise to Betray Them.

A COOL AND NERVOUS PAIR.

Disney, Who Was Truited at the Everett House, Corresponds by Description with a Bold Robber Well Known in Kansas City.

The man known to the police as C. M. Norton, who was arrested on Wednesday for attempting to sell gilded brass bricks to George Plummer Campbell, an agent for wealthy and gullible Englishmen, was confronted yesterday with Henry Disney, who had been arrested in the Everett House with one of those same gilded brass bricks in his possession. They met in a room at Police Headquarters.

They surveyed each other with the utmost coolness and indifference and then they looked bored.

"Don't know each other, hey?" asked a detective. They both looked at him in surprise.

"I never met the gentleman before in my life," was the simultaneous reply.

Then they were returned to their cells. Disney had been taken to the Essex Market Police Court in the morning and at the request of the Detective Bureau had been remanded to Police Headquarters.

The only reasons that the police have for suspecting that Disney and Norton had been working together are that the bogus brick found in the former's room was exactly like those that Norton had been trying to dispose of. In a letter written by Norton but intercepted by the police before he had a chance to mail it, it was addressed to a man in Hot Springs, but the police think it was meant for Norton's wife—he referred to an accomplice named Booth, who was living at the Everett House.

They seem, however, to be a precocious pair of rogues whose methods of work and whose aspirations are in perfect harmony. The police suspect that this gold-brick swindle is widespread and that Norton and Disney are members of a gang which is duping people all over the country.

Mr. George Plummer Campbell, the agent of the heirs of Hilton Greaves, who had been sent to this country to buy something like \$40,000 worth of gold for half its value, kept out of the way of newspaper men yesterday. The police think he has gone into the country for a few days to reflect. They say he does not yet understand how it is possible that the bricks could be anything but pure gold, for he bored into them himself and took the borings to an assayer. The suggestion that the borings had been changed and gold substituted for the brass was too much for him.

Disney Known in Kansas City.

Kansas City, March 19.—The description of Henry Disney, who was arrested in New York as a gold brick swindler, tallies with the description of Harry Disney, who, six years ago, was one of the toughest characters in this town. He entered a jewelry store on August 2, 1889, seized a handful of diamonds and ran out of the place to the curb, where he had hitched his horse. The jeweler caught him before he could mount and the horse ran away. After a brief struggle Disney threw the jeweler to the ground and ran down the street. It was in the liveliest portion of the city and hundreds of people had witnessed the fight.

A great crowd started in pursuit of him. Disney ran into a store, held the crowd back at the point of a revolver, and, unlocking a door in the rear, made his escape, carefully locking the door behind him. Several weeks later he was caught, but half the crooks in town came to court and he was able to prove an alibi. He was born in Topeka. He was twenty-two years old then.

Made a Boy Work at Night.

Dennis J. Hanlon, deputy factory inspector, was complainant in the Harlem Court before Magistrate Kullrich yesterday against Frank Kupperle, a baker, of No. 1838 Third avenue.

Hanlon testified that Kupperle had in his employ August Dietrich, seventeen years old, of No. 81 Sullivan street, whom he caused to work all night long. Kupperle was held in \$200 bail for trial.

MARQUISE UNGARO ALMOST IN PENURY.

Her Story of Marital and Parental Cruelty Countenanced by Law.

Married Beneath Her Station and Then Defrauded by the Man She Loved.

Dowered More Liberally Than Most Italian Brides, but Her Happiness Was Brief.

FINALLY CAST OUT BY HER FATHER.

Property She Owned in New York Sold by Calderazzo, Her Husband, Who Kept the Money—Conspiracy of the Basest Kind.

The story of the last five years of the life of the Marquise Ungaro, whose marriage to Luigi Calderazzo was annulled last Wednesday by Judge Roger A. Tyson, reads like a romance. From being a bride with a dowry of \$30,000, an enormous sum in Italy, she is now living upon \$20 a month, and is practically alone in the world.

The Marquise is a dainty little woman of twenty-four years, with soft white skin and a wealth of brown hair. She lives just now, at No. 413 Lexington avenue with the Countess Gilda Ruta, who is court pianiste to Queen Margherita of Italy. The father of the Marquise Ungaro is the Marquis Ungaro, who lives in almost regal fashion in the Rione Amedeo, in Naples. He was Italy's Royal Commissioner at the Columbian Exposition. Her grandmother was the wealthy Duchess of Castelluccio, who was well known in this city, and died several years ago, leaving an enormous fortune.

The five years of unhappy married life of Marquise Jennie Ungaro was told by her yesterday.

"I hardly know how to begin my story. I am free now and at least half happy. I am enthusiastic about American law and the manner in which women are treated in this country. In Italy a woman has absolutely no rights at all. I was married on April 2, 1891, to Luigi Calderazzo. His station was very much beneath mine, and my family objected strenuously to the match. He was a silk merchant, and we in Italy look upon trade in a different light from that in which the Americans view it. My mother, who died when I was quite young, was a very wealthy woman.

LOVE CONQUERED.

"The opposition to our marriage was such that the Duchess of Castelluccio, my grandmother, who lived here in New York, went to Naples to enter her protest against it. I loved my future husband very much then and would not listen to any one, so we were married. Then we came to this country and lived for eleven months at the Burlington Hotel. We were not very happy, and at the expiration of that time we went back to Naples. My \$30,000 dowry consisted of property in this city. One piece was a handsome house at No. 67 East Sixty-first street, and another was a valuable plot of ground in Hudson street.

"After we had been in Italy a short time my husband came back again to New York. You must understand that in Italy a girl's dowry is always given to her husband. He has absolute control of it. Well, without informing me of what he intended to do, my husband sold all the property, and realized only about \$51,000. I foolishly gave him a power of attorney, never doubting that he would do everything to my best interests. Of the money he realized he appropriated for his own use fully \$6,000, which he spent disreputably in this city.

"Of the remaining money, my husband sent to Italy two checks, one for \$20,000 and the other for \$10,000. He left a mortgage of \$6,000 on the Sixty-first street house in every way to get that away from me, and brought action against me. That was in June, 1892. The case came before Judge Ingraham, and the latter decided in my favor, saying that no foreign husband could come to this country and get Amer-

ican money in such a way. That is one thing that makes me enthusiastic over American law.

"The two checks my husband sent to his father instead of to me. They were, of course, made out in my name, and Calderazzo's father came to me and asked me to endorse them. I hesitated about it, because I did not know what the endorsement meant, but finally I was prevailed upon to do it. The father then deposited the checks in a Neapolitan bank and brought me two bank books. I noticed that his name was on them and asked the reason. He said that was only a formality and meant nothing at all. My father was in Chicago at the time.

HER FATHER AN ENEMY.

"Calderazzo's father induced my father, who returned to Italy in 1893, in some way to turn against me. My father wanted my money, in spite of the fact that I had given him 500 francs a month for his own use. He also got all the debts to which I was entitled from my New York house. Those amounted to about \$400 a month. It was on November 28 that my father came to me and asked me for the last time to sign some papers. My grandmother, the Duchess, had told me to be wary about signing papers I did not understand, so I declined to sign. That afternoon at 2 o'clock my father said to me: 'You will not sign the papers? Well, then you must leave my house.' Where shall I go, father? I asked. 'I don't know,' he replied.

"It was raining heavily, and I had no idea where to go, but I was proud, and decided to go from my father's house. I took \$8, all I had in the world, and went out. For five days I stayed at the Grand Hotel at Naples, and never once did my father or any one else come to me to ask me to return home. One night a friend of my father, a lawyer named Margotta came to the hotel and told me he had a ticket for the steamship Werra for New York and that I must go to America. My father is in the Italian Parliament, and he wished none of his constituents to see me driven from Naples.

"I was compelled to go aboard the steamship and stay there all night. We steamed away the following day, December 4, 1893, and on December 10 I landed in Hoboken, N. J., penniless, friendless and alone. I knew that the Duchess Castelluccio lived at the Burlington Hotel, but she did not know I was in the United States. I tele-



Marquise Ungaro, who is at Last Free.

Of a titled Italian family, she married beneath her station, bringing to Calderazzo an unusually large dowry, consisting of New York property, which he converted to his own use principally and then deserted her. Cast out by her own father, an Italian nobleman, she came to New York, secured a divorce, and though young and very pretty, she says she will never marry again.

lived with her until she died.

COURTS AIDED THE CHEATS.

"Now," the Marquise went on, "comes the dupliety. I was spirited away from Naples quietly, as I have said. My father and the two Calderazzos began a suit in the Italian courts to gain possession of my money. When the case came to trial they were disregarding the summons of the court and intended to let the case go against me by default. This was about two years ago. I learned of the dishonest scheme, and at once engaged lawyers and appealed from the decision of the court, by which all the money had been awarded to my father.

"This did no good, because my father is a very influential man in Italy. He finally managed matters so that he gets 6,000 francs a year, and all the rest of the income goes to Calderazzo, less, of course, what the latter chooses to give to me, which is pittance. Indeed, the principal is in my name still, however, but my father gets almost everything that should rightfully come to me.

"In Italy if my husband and I had desired an annulment of our marriage, the request for annulment would have to be made by him. In that case, and supposing that I agreed to the decree, all my money would revert to me. That is what my husband, very naturally for him, wished to avoid. He has even been trying to bribe my lawyer in Naples. He went to the lawyer a long time ago and said that if I would pay him 100,000 francs he would agree to ask for an annulment. I declined to treat upon any such terms, and my husband gradually decreased the amount of the demand.

"All I have in the world now is that \$8,000 mortgage on the Sixty-first street house; that pays me \$20 a month. I hope, however, to get something when my grandmother's estate is settled. Then, too, if this annulment is recognized in Italy I will get my dowry back again."

The title of Marquise Ungaro may now be borne by the young woman, although when she was married she became simply Madame Calderazzo. She says she will never marry again.

CUBAN'S BURIED ALIVE.

This Is the Horrible Charge Made Against Spaniards in a Letter Received in This City.

In a letter received by Jose Gonzales, a Cuban living in this city, from Lieutenant Pío Dominguez, who is with the command of Colonel Eduardo Garcia, now operating near Bolondron, a horrible charge of inhumanity is made against the Spanish soldiery. Lieutenant Dominguez declares that one Tritan Rodriguez, who told him the tale in the town of Lagura, was an eyewitness of the scene.

He says that a company of Spanish troops called at a house occupied by two Cubans, who were supposed to be sympathizers with the insurgents, and asked them in what direction an insurgent column suspected to have been recently in that vicinity, had gone. The men replied that they did not know. They were then bound hands and feet and placed on their backs on the ground. A grave was dug close by where two Spanish soldiers had lately been buried, and into this the Cubans, still alive, were thrown and the grave filled up.

Lieutenant Dominguez mentions in his letter still another recent Spanish outrage in Corral Valde de Maricao, where a young Cuban, who had been accused of aiding the insurgents, were, in spite of their deaths, and who, entirely naked, were upon and literally hacked to pieces by the matchsticks of the Spaniards. After the slaughter their bodies were placed in such positions as to make it appear that they had been killed in battle.

CITY PORTRAITS SEIZED.

Deputy-Sheriff Carries off Portraits of the Governors to Satisfy a Judgment.

Portraits of Governor Morgan and Hunt, which adorned the walls of the Governor's room at the City Hall, were taken from their hangings by Deputy Sheriff Butler yesterday, who levied on them to satisfy a judgment for \$1,241, given in favor of Max Gomboosy, a Houston street painter.

The case is an old one, the city officials refusing to satisfy the judgment in the belief that it was irregularly entered. Comptroller Fitch, who has been confined to his home for several days, said last night that the levy made on the portraits was illegal, and would not hold. An order of court will probably be made to-day releasing them.

Less Money for Missions.

The American Missionary Association of Congregational Churches has given out a statement from which it appears that for three years the average current receipts have been \$68,000 less per year than for the corresponding period preceding. The association will hold its 47th anniversary in Boston on October 29 to 31. Associate Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, will be one of the speakers.

Big Prices Paid for Stamps.

The thirty-seventh annual sale of stamps of Albrecht & Co., of No. 90 Nassau street, which commenced Tuesday night, was concluded last evening. The collection offered was the property of Mr. Carl Dreyer, of the Produce Exchange, and S. H. Williams, of Chelsea Mass. Philatelists from the principal cities of the United States and Canada attended the sale. The total amount realized was \$6,150. The rarest stamp sold was a 4d. Great Britain, which brought \$102. A St. Vincent 3s. was next, at \$56. A Canada 7½d. brought \$60. As usual, the United States stamps were the main attraction of the collectors. A United States department die proof set sold for \$30. That department stamps are on the constant rise is evident by the fact that a set of Agricultural, which last year brought \$15, sold for \$20 over the year. Another set of the same year in value for \$25, brought \$30. Another set will be held next month.

SOCIETY'S PRETTIEST DEBUTANTES will be presented in Next Sunday's JOURNAL

SAVED BY A WIFE'S INGENIOUS RUSE.

Carl Zugel Leaps from Bed and Attempts to Jump Through a Window.

Loss of His Position, with a Large Family to Care for, Too Much for the Truckman's Mind.

MANACLED BY THE POLICE.

After a Terrific Struggle He Is Removed to the Insane Pavilion of Bellevue Hospital—Alleged Injustice of His Former Employer.

Carl Zugel, a truckman for Henry Egger & Co., wholesale grocers, at No. 672 Hudson street, drove a team of mules over the snow-blocked streets from early morn to 11 o'clock at night Friday. It is stated that the team was so sore Saturday morning that when Zugel was ordered to take it out again he refused, and was discharged.

Two weeks' wages amounting to \$24, is said to have been due him, but when he called for his money \$9.25 was held out, Mr. Egger claiming that at various times groceries of that value had been stolen from Zugel's truck, while the latter was delivering goods. For this Zugel was held responsible.

Discharged, and with a wife and six little children depending on him for support, Zugel brooded over what he considered the unjust withholding of nearly a week's salary until early yesterday morning, when he leaped out of bed in a raving maniac, and twice tried to jump out of a window.

At 1:30 o'clock yesterday morning Zugel, who lives in the rear tenement at No. 238 West Houston street, awakened his wife by jumping out of bed and making a dash for the alarm clock on the mantel. He thought it was a telephone and rang it.

"Give me 548 Eighteenth street," he yelled. That is the telephone number of Henry Egger & Co.

"Is this Mr. Egger?" he went on. "Well, I want my money back. I have six little children and only a dollar in the house. Give me my money!"

Again and again he wound up the alarm clock, rang it, and talked to it with his mouth close to the dial. Finally he made a dash for the window, broke the glass, with his hand, and tried to throw himself through it.

Mrs. Zugel screamed and tried to hold him. Zugel is a powerfully built man, and with the added strength of a man he brushed her aside like a straw. Mrs. Zugel had noticed that for several days past her husband had developed a strange fear of cats.

"There's a cat at the window," she cried out. The ruse was effective, and he retreated to the rear room and cried "Fire!" at the top of his voice.

This awoke the children. All six were in one bed, nestled together like so many chicks in one nest, for the eldest is but eight years of age. But they were not afraid of their papa and laughed.

The loud outcries attracted the other tenants, and Zugel rushed down stairs into the street.

Policemen Griffin and Boylan were near at hand and tried to arrest him. A desperate struggle took place, but Zugel was soon overpowered and taken to the Charles Street Station.

Here he turned out the gas and tried to jump through a window in the rear room. The two policemen and the doorman were kept busy holding him until an ambulance from Bellevue Hospital arrived, when, assisted by the ambulance surgeon, the officers succeeded in manning him. He was taken to the insane pavilion.

Mrs. Zugel is almost prostrated. She is a pretty woman, about thirty-two years of age and a German. Besides the blow of her husband's insanity, starvation stares her in the face. She has no relatives, and no means of support for her large family. She was weeping when a Journal reporter called yesterday.

"It was the injustice," she sobbed, "of holding him responsible for thefts from his wagon that drove him mad. How could he help it when, besides driving, he had to deliver the goods? And to think that they would do that when he was so honest with them!"

"It was only Friday that by mistake they loaded a barrel of rice, a barrel of sugar, a case of champagne and a box of condensed milk on his truck which was not intended for anybody. After he delivered all the other things he found them left and brought them back to the store. In unloading the barrel of rice—which he was honest enough to return—the bottom broke and some of it spilled. When he was discharged he found they had deducted the price of twenty-eight pounds of rice."

"I went to Mr. Egger and begged him to give me the money back, but he told me I would have to see his partner, Mr. Ham-brook."

Mr. Egger, when seen by the reporter, said Zugel was discharged for not coming down to work at regular hours. He justified the practice of holding drivers responsible for losses. The reporter asked whether, in view of Mrs. Zugel's poverty, Mr. Egger would not now return the money.

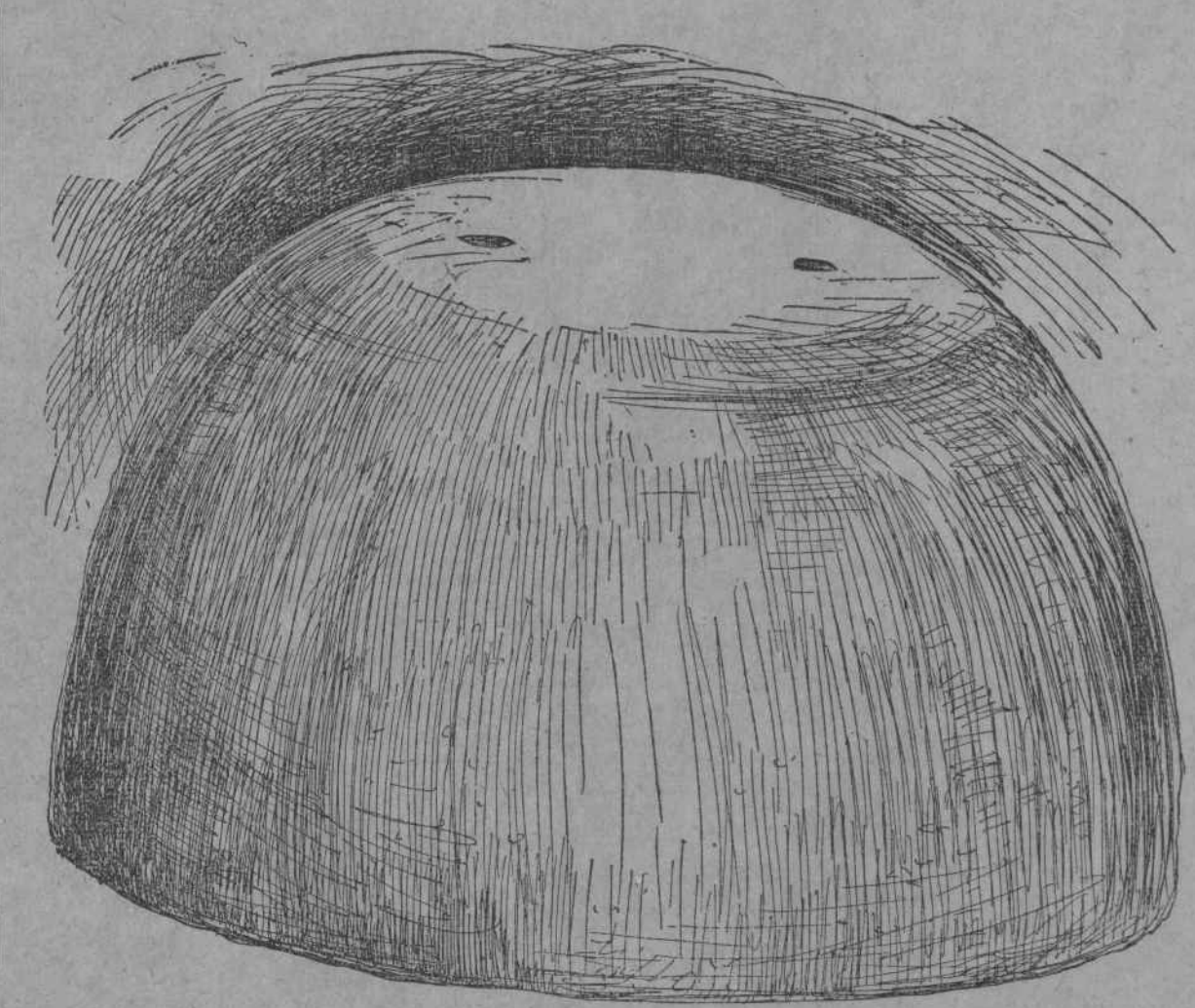
"Yes," promised Mr. Egger, "if she is so poor I think we will."

A group of neighbors called on Mrs. Zugel to express sympathy. Matthew McPhillips, a grocer at No. 258 West Houston street, told her to call on him for groceries and pay when she could.

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ONE OF THE "GOLD BRICKS" WHICH THE POLICE GOT POSSESSION OF ON WEDNESDAY.

This shows the shape and general appearance of the gilded chunk of metal by means of which Swindler C. M. Norton came very near obtaining a large sum of money from an apparently gullible Englishman named George Plummer Campbell, who had come to this country as agent for one Henry Greaves, whose father was supposed to have been interested in an American gold mine. The round marks on the top show the holes which were drilled by the swindler and from which the metal borings were given to the Englishman for the purpose of having them assayed were supposedly taken. Of course, real gold was by slight of hand substituted for the worthless borings taken out of the brick, but Mr. Campbell did not see through the juggling and is even yet unable to see how he could have been so easily imposed upon. The "brick" was an object of much interest at Police Headquarters yesterday.